and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here
againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the wea-
vers.

1. This muſt be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning ſees ſo: where he
himſelfe will edifie the Duke moſt paſſionſly in our behalfes:
hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his lear-
ning makes no cry.

3. Weele ſee the ſports, then every man to's Tackle: and
Sweete Companions lets rehearſe by any meanes before
The Ladies ſee us, and doe ſweetly, and God knows what
May come on't.

4. Content; the ſports once ended, wee'l performe. Away
Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honeſt friends: pray you whither
goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queſtion's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games*, my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir,
Are there ſuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
And ſuch as you neuer ſaw; The *Duke* himſelfe
Will be in perſon there.

Arc. What paſtimes are they?

2. Wraſtling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir
Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wraſtle? he roſt eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt* 4.

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oport
I durſt not wiſh for. Well, I co
The beſt men call'd it excellent, a
Swifter, then winde upon a feild
(Curling the wealthy eares) nev
And in ſome poore diſguize be t
Whether my browes may not b
And happines preferre me to a p
Where I may ever dwell in ſight

Scæna 4. *Enter Iailor*

Daugh. Why ſhould I love
He never will affect me; I am ba
My Father the meane Keeper of
And he a prince; To marry him i
To be his whore, is witles; Ou
What puſhes are we wenches d
When fifteene once has found us
I (ſeeing) thought he was a good
He has as much to pleaſe a wom
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ev
Theſe eyes yet lookt on; Next,
And ſo would any young wench
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her
To a yong handſom Man; Then
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely
And yet he had a Coſen, faire as h
But in my heart was *Palamon*, a
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? T
Sing in an evening, what a heave
And yet his Songs are ſad-ones;
Was never Gentleman. When I
To bring him water in a mornin
He bowes his noble body, then ſa
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morro
Get thee a happy husband; Once
I lov'd my lips the better ten da
Would he would doe ſo ev'ry da
And me as much to ſee his miſer

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C